

THE ARGUS.

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Wednesday, October 29, 1913.

Don't let your courage fail. There will be more installments of Indian summer.

The English minister to Mexico is Cowdray Cardin. No wonder he sides with Huerta.

It looks as if the courts would know considerable law after Harry Thaw gets through with them.

England, France and Germany are now waiting for the word from the United States in the Mexican situation—and the word will be satisfactory.

A case which Lafayette lost in this country in 1824 has been recovered. It usually takes about that length of time to find a lost article when you don't advertise it.

Weeds have been called plants misunderstood. The Kansas difference on the value of the Russian thistle recalls the fact that cotton was once considered a vagrant growth without a commercial use.

In 1898 the Oregon steamed 13,800 miles to get from the Pacific to the Atlantic, where she was needed. The Panama canal will cut the distance to 4,600 miles. Time is money, and in war it is more, too.

President Wilson holds that morality and not expediency is the principle to be observed by the United States in its guardianship of the family of nations on this continent, but he does not say he will hesitate to fight if necessary for that morality.

Pullman conductors and porters have formed a union in order, as they state, to improve the service to the public. If they compel the corporation that hires them, rather than the traveling public, to pay them a decent wage it will be a step in the right direction.

Statistics show a constant advance in wages both in American and European workshops, but it has not kept pace with the advance in the cost of living. There has been some compensatory equivalent, however, in the reduced hours of labor, and there is good reason for believing that in the near future the cost of the great staples upon which men subsist will be materially lessened.

ATTACKING THE INCOME TAX.
Loud and vehement are critics of the income tax who feel the "hoe pinching" them. The feature of the law taxing incomes at their source is most bitterly assailed. "It can't work" and "it will have to be changed," lawyers for large interests are asserting. It is usually impossible to start a new thing and have it work without some friction.

But it will never do to abandon the at-the-source feature of the law. In a single year, without increasing the income tax rates at all, England increased her income tax revenues 30 per cent merely by amending the law to provide collection of the tax at the source.

Privilege, succeeding in repealing this feature of the act, would save to itself 30 per cent of the tax it now will have to pay.

HELP THE STATE IN REMOVING UNDESIRABLES.

State's Attorney Floyd E. Thompson needs help in ridding the city of undesirables. He requires evidence in the prosecution of property holders under indictment for renting premises owned by them for immoral purposes. The cases in point involve the much complained of, and so called black belt district.

The last grand jury went as far as it could in returning indictments against certain people who rent their property to undesirables, mainly of the colored population, for disreputable purposes. State's Attorney Thompson is willing to go as far as he can, in prosecutions under the indictment, but no conviction can be had without evidence. That there is evidence to be had there is no reasonable ground for doubt.

If he cannot get it otherwise the state's attorney is willing to do as he did in the Camp Joy rendezvous and go out and search for it.

In this purpose he is entitled to the cooperation and aid of those who are in a position to render information, and if he is given the assistance he deserves, it is believed he will rid the city of undesirables.

He must have help and those who

have with abundant reason complained, can help him if they will.

IS HERE TO STAY.

It is very evident that the progressive movement was not organized merely to oust President Taft or encompass some slight changes in the rules governing republican national conventions. It is here to stay and supplant the republican party just as the early republican party supplanted the whigs.

"No amalgamation, no quarter asked or given," is the answer of the progressive state organization in Illinois to the preliminary harmony conference of progressives and republican legislators held in Springfield during the state fair, shouts the party organ.

The official reply of the progressives came at a roundup of the party leaders from the Calro congressional district held at Duquoin under the authority of the reorganized progressive state committee. It was the first of a series to be held in strategic political centers in each of the main divisions of the state, and unless signs fall the action taken in Duquoin will be followed all through the state, culminating probably in a state convention at which the edict will go out that if there is to be any amalgamation it will have to be a free will proposition on the part of the republicans and that the republicans will have to come into camp and accept the progressive platform.

The progressives threaten to start a nominee for congress in each of the 25 districts of the state, a single nominee for the Illinois house of representatives in each of the 51 senatorial districts, and a nominee for the state senate in each of the 25 districts which elect in November of next year, and also a candidate for United States senator.

EVER HEARD OF MR. PANKHURST?

Columns have been printed in the English and American newspapers about the doing and personalities of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the militant suffrage leader now in the United States, and her two daughters, Christabel and Sylvia, one of whom is in exile in France and the other on a hunger strike in Holloway jail, but hitherto not a line has been printed about Dr. Pankhurst, the late husband of the militant leader.

Dr. Pankhurst, who was a Londoner, graduated from Owens college, Manchester, and afterward received several degrees from London university. He was called to the bar in 1867 and joined the northern circuit. The doctor was an indefatigable lecturer and delivered many addresses on legal, social and political questions. He was a progressive politician, was active in the cause of popular education and woman suffrage and took up the home rule movement in 1873.

Dr. Pankhurst was a busy and energetic man. He was a member of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce for 34 years, and during that time was continually on the platform advocating reforms of various kinds. One of these was a reform of patent laws, over which he made a strong fight. He was an active worker for the promotion of social science and acted as arbitrator in several trade disputes.

Although the doctor was prominent in advocating reforms and was in the limelight constantly, his efforts were not appreciated by his political friends. He ran for parliament as a liberal in Manchester in 1883 and in Rotherhithe in 1886, and each time he was beaten. He became tired of what he called the "plutocratic parties" and contested Gorton as a labor candidate, but was again unsuccessful. He died in 1898.

In regard to the personality of Dr. Pankhurst, one who occasionally met him in Manchester when he practiced as a chancery barrister and contributed radical articles to the Manchester Examiner, before he became converted to socialism, says he was a frail little man, with weak eyes, a straggling, reddish beard, a squeaky voice and a neurotic manner. He was an eager, fussy talker and was always terribly in earnest. He was apparently incapable of a joke.

WIRE SPARKS

Colon—Lindley M. Garrison, United States secretary of war, arrived on board the steamship Colon and was met by Colonel Goethals. The party boarded a train for Cuba.

Washington—Millionaires who own yachts and brought suit over the Payne-Aldrich tariff on foreign-built vessels will be given an early hearing by the supreme court. By request of the government the cases were advanced to the first Monday in January. C. K. C. Billings is one of those testing the legality of the tax.

Seattle—The first commercial message sent by wireless between America and Asia was transmitted Oct. 27 from the United States army signal corps station at Nome, Alaska, to the Russian station at Anadyr, Siberia. It was a government message from St. Petersburg to Commander Wilkitzky, discoverer of land in the arctic.

Kansas City, Mo.—Suit by Joseph Shewalter of Independence against Senator James A. Reed, David R. Francis and H. M. Rubey, formerly democratic state chairman, asking \$150,000 damages for alleged conspiracy to defeat his nomination for the United States senate, was dismissed in the county court because of lack of evidence.

Trenton, N. J.—Leon R. Taylor, speaker of the assembly, was sworn in as acting governor in place of James W. Fielder, democratic gubernatorial candidate, who resigned to comply with the constitutional provision prohibiting a governor from serving two terms in succession.

TAVENNER, THE WORKER

(Elisha Hanson, Washington Correspondent of Lee Syndicate.)

Representative Tavenner of Illinois has won the first round in his fight to have the government manufacture its ammunition.

Turned down by the chairman of the house committee on appropriations, Representative Fitzgerald of New York, Mr. Tavenner has secured a promise from Representative Hay of Virginia, chairman of the military affairs committee, to give him a hearing before his committee when the military appropriation bill is considered next session. Much of the appropriation for ammunition purposes is done through the military committee, though in special cases it is handled by the appropriations committee in the sundry civil bill.

Mr. Tavenner's effort to get the government to manufacture its ammunition at the Rock Island arsenal, has stirred congressmen representing districts in which other arsenals are located to introduce bills appropriating money to install ammunition plants in each of them. Mr. Tavenner has the edge on all of them, however, as there are over 500 acres at Rock Island available now for any purpose the government sees fit and there is also all the power necessary for all the manufacturing that the government can ever hope to do.

Congressman Edmunds of Philadelphia this week introduced a bill appropriating \$500,000 for additional shops at the Frankfort arsenal. Of this, \$155,000 is for additional property; \$200,000 for additional machinery; \$40,000 for construction of additional structures for fire protection and \$140,000 for construction of new shops. Any further extension of the Frankfort arsenal means the purchase of some of the most

valuable real estate in and about Philadelphia at a tremendous figure. Increase of facilities at Rock Island means that the money spent does not go into real estate but into increased facilities only.

Although Mr. Tavenner may lose out in his fight during the present congress, his proposition is bound to be adopted by the government eventually, for the American people will not continue to submit to 33 1/3 per cent profit for the ammunition trust many years more. Mr. Hay apparently realizes this and will do all in his power to hasten the day of government manufacture.

(Carthage Republican.)

The long weary session of congress has caused considerable absenteeism from the house and one day last week there were so few members present that it was necessary to cause the arrest of absentees to transact business. Among the few who were on hand was Congressman Clyde H. Tavenner of this district, who has been present at every session. He had intended returning to this district on urgent business, but in view of the important legislation before congress, he decided to take no chances on leaving Washington. Not only is Mr. Tavenner attending strictly to business, in the interest of his constituency, but he is weekly sending to hundreds of newspapers letters informing the people upon every phase of public questions. His information is such as is not obtained from the usual newspaper or official reports, but is largely the result of personal investigation by Mr. Tavenner, made in the interest of the people, in addition to his duties as congressman.

Congressman Tavenner is the busiest man in Washington.

FOREST NOTES

Canada cuts about 2,000,000 cords of pulp wood annually, about half of which is exported for manufacture in the United States.

There are 55 oaks in the United States, about evenly divided between the east and the west. The eastern species and particularly white oaks are the most valuable.

The bureau of forestry of the Philippine Islands will send tropical timbers to the United States forest service so that their suitability for fine furniture veneers may be ascertained.

Wood block paving, tried and discarded in many cities of the United States 30 years ago, is now coming back into marked favor, due to improved methods of treating and handling the blocks.

German foresters are experimenting with Douglas fir from the United States trying to find a variety which will combine the fast-growing quality of the Pacific coast fir and the hardness of the Rocky mountain fir.

Though at one time in the early history of the country an average of 6,000 maple trees were destroyed in stands near the top of the list of furs, clearing the ordinary New York or Pennsylvania farm, maple is today, according to the department of agriculture, one of the most widely used and valuable native hardwoods. A bulletin on the uses of maple, just issued by the department, states that the wood finds place in an enormous number of articles in daily use, from rolling pins to pianos and organs. It is one of the best woods for flooring, and is always a favorite material for the floors of roller skating rinks and bowling alleys. It leads all other woods as a material for shoe lasts, the demand for which in Massachusetts alone exceeds 13,000,000 board

feet annually. Sugar maple, pulp woods in this country. The so-called "birds-eye" effect, the department explains, is probably due to buds which for some reason can not force their way through the bark, but which remain just beneath it year after year. The young wood is disturbed each succeeding season by the presence of the bud and grows around it in fantastic forms which are exposed when the saw cuts through the abnormal growth. Maple, the department goes on to say, is one of the chief woods used for agricultural implements and farm machinery, being so employed because of its strength and hardness. All kinds of wooden ware are made of maple, which holds important rank also in the manufacture of shuttles, spools and bobbins. It competes with black gum for first place in the manufacture of rollers of many kinds, from those employed in house moving to the less massive ones used on lawn mowers. Athletic goods, school supplies, brush backs, pulleys, type cases and crutches are a few of the other articles for which maple is in demand. Seven species of maple grow in the United States, of which sugar maple, sometimes called hard maple, is the most important. The total cut of maple in the United States annually amounts to about 1,150,000,000 feet. Nearly one-half is produced by Michigan, with Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, New York and West Virginia following in the order named.

Sugar maple, says the department, is in little danger of disappearing from the American forests, for it is a strong, vigorous, aggressive tree, and though not a fast grower is able to hold its own. In Michigan it is not unusual for maple to take possession of land from which pine or hardwoods have been cut clean, and from New England westward through the lake states and southward to the Ohio and Potomac rivers few other species are often seen in woodlots.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she saw the moving pictures of Quo Vadis the other day and couldn't see but what they worked just as well as the ones that were taken but yesterday.

The ONLOOKER
HENRY HOWLAND

When Doris runs to meet me I raise no joyous cries, Nor linger with her, looking Down gladly in her eyes; I have no love for Doris, Though others give her praise, I do not like her features And I abhor her ways.

My love is not for Doris, Yet when my work is done, And I go home, she always Approaches on the run. She never fails to meet me, And never seems to care, That I neglect to gladly Rush to greet her there.

When Doris runs to meet me, A sadness fills my heart; I'm always gladder, gayer, When we are far apart. Her nose is tilted upward, Her under lip is full— Part terror is Doris, The other part is bull.

CANDID OPINION.

Some people think so much of themselves that they have no time to think about what other people may think of them.

A woman's brain declines in weight after she is thirty years of age, but some old widowers are the most light-headed people in the world.

The man who works hard all day and goes home at night to be told that he is a poor stick and a failure because somebody else gets a larger salary than he, may keep right on saying the old bachelor isn't half a man, but people don't always say what they think.

When a woman suffers in silence it is because there is nobody around to be scolded.

Some men who were born for great things didn't get them because their wives couldn't believe it.

ALL HE KNEW ABOUT IT.

The judge called the next case and said to a tramp who was ushered in:

"Where were you born?" "Sir!" said the tramp.

"Where were you born?" "Yer honor, I was born where me mother use ter live."

The Place for Her.
"Papa," said little Percy, "why doesn't mamma travel with the circus?"

"Why?" Mr. Henpeck asked; "what could she do in a circus?" "She might be the strong woman. I heard her telling grandma the other day that she could wind you around her little finger just as easy as nothing."

Approved.
"How," asked his wife, who had been too ill to go to church, "did you like the sermon this morning, William?"

"I enjoyed it very much," he replied. "The preacher was seized with a violent coughing spell just after he started on it and had to end the service by motioning the choir to sing the doxology."

The Paths of Glory.
The best of heraldry, the pomp of power, The knight's high courage and the leader's will Await alike the inevitable hour: The paths of glory lead to vo-de-ville.

Crust Girl.
"Your pleading," she said, after he had asked her for the sixth time to be his wife, "reminds me of a tin rooster on top of a barn."

Not a Thing.
The good dog that is given a bad name hasn't anything on the sedate, sensible girl who gets the reputation of being a flirt.

Matrimony!
There is a man whose wife makes him get up so often to hunt burglars that he says he is going to let her get a divorce and marry a night watchman.—Washington Star.

He scolds best that can hurt the least.—Danish Proverb.

The Daily Story

ZIGZAG TRAIL—BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"She came out of Cox's store, got on her pony and went a-kiting for the west bank of the creek. I followed her a little ways, thinking she was a tenderfoot, and I'll be blamed if she didn't turn spang into Zigzag trail and disappear!"

Hamp Tetlow looked around at his companions gathered about the mess table in the bunk house at the Twin Star ranch.

"Zigzag trail, eh?" repeated Jink Prale, helping himself to another hot biscuit.

"Yes."

"Have you ever traveled that devious route?" pursued Jink in his deliberate way.

"No, but I've heard tell that since the landslide there ain't footing there for man or beast."

"No more there ain't," returned Jink, buttering his ninth hot biscuit. "That's why I reckoned you was dreaming when you said you saw a girl and pony disappear down the trail."

"It was bright moonlight and I saw her plain as day," returned Hamp, undisturbed by Jink's skepticism. "Besides, I went back to the store and asked Dan Cox who she was."

"And who is she?" demanded a dozen eager voices.

"Dan said he didn't know; said she never asked for mail, and that, although she bought plenty of supplies from him, he didn't know any more about her than he did at first. Been around these parts about four weeks, Dan says."

Hamp Tetlow might have continued to discourse upon his chance encounter with the strange girl, but his companions were more interested in discussing the approaching roundup than listening to him.

Perhaps he would have risked their ridicule and described the singular



"HANDS UP!" CAME A SHARP VOICE.

beauty of the girl, but he had little desire to talk to empty air and presently forgot the stranger.

One man among those at the table listened to Hamp's story, and because he was new to the country Bob Deering asked questions about Zigzag trail.

Jink Prale answered the questions readily and went so far as to tell the newcomer that somewhere along the abandoned trail was the tumble-down cottage of a sheep herder, who had left the country at the time when cattle had crowded the sheep from the range.

The next day Bob Deering was sent in search of a lost steer.

His search led him down the west bank of Red Spider creek, and eventually he came to the point where there were traces of an old trail that zigzagged down the canyon and disappeared in a heap of broken rocks and earth.

"Zigzag trail!" he exclaimed, bending down to examine the grass grown way.

His ten years of cattle ranching since college days had made the signs of earth and sky as an open book to him. For the trained eye there was much to be read in the old trail.

"The last critter went this way," mused Bob, "and the girl goes this way too. Why? There isn't a blamed thing on this trail except the but—I have Jink's word for that—so the girl must have been bound for the but."

"I scent a mystery, and as duty calls me to hunt for the stray critter, here goes!"

Bob Deering left his horse and scrambled along the trail that zigzagged among the rocks in the most puzzling manner. So intricate were its windings that Bob presently found himself scrambling on to the main trail again and staring his horse in the face.

"Daniel, if you laugh at me I'll sell you to a soap factory," panted Bob as Daniel resumed his nipping of the way-side grass. "I've certainly got to go on to the right trail if it takes me all day. I mislaid a turn somewhere."

Bob turned about and once more scrambled along the trail. At an egg-shaped rock he paused and studied the ground, and then, plunging through a thicket of mesquite, he found himself on a well worn trail that circled the shoulder of the hill and gradually led upward.

Occasionally he stooped to study the ground, and each pause only strengthened his belief that he was on the right trail of the lost steer.

"Hands up!" came a sharp voice, and instinctively Bob's hands went over his head with quick discretion.

When he could discover the source of the unexpected holdup on Zigzag trail Bob found himself confronting a beautiful dark eyed young woman, who leveled a pistol at him with each steady hand.

She was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen; Bob was sure of that—jet black hair waving about shapely pink ears, creamy skin, a pair of wonderful eyes, sometimes black, occasionally almost green. She wore a riding shirt of khaki and a white shirt waist. Her head was bare.

"Well," asked Bob pleasantly, "is it my money or my life?"

The girl laughed nervously, and then tears filled her eyes.

"It's neither one, if you will only go away," she answered in a pleading tone.

"Of course, if you wish it, only I am looking for a stray steer. Perhaps you have seen such a one. It has the twin star brand."

He stopped short, for the girl's face had turned scarlet as then white. The hands that held the guns wavered.

"I've seen it," she said at last in a rather shaky voice.

"Where is it?" he asked quickly.

The girl's face went very white, and she leaned against a tree for support, the pistols hanging limply from her hands.

"It's dead!" she said at last.

"Dead?" he echoed, puzzled by her agitation.

"We killed it. We needed it for food, I suppose we will hang for it," she said, with a desperate attempt at calmness, although Bob could see that she was panic stricken.

He sat down on a stone and clasped his sun browned hands around his knee. His broad hat lay on the ground, and the wind ruffled his crisp, fair hair.

"I hope you will pardon me. I'm not a bit curious, but I can see that you are in trouble of some sort. This is a lonesome country to be in when old man Trouble hinks along, so perhaps I can help you out. You may place perfect confidence in me."

The girl studied his face with her wonderful, changing eyes. Then, with a little catch of the breath, she said:

"If I tell you you must never betray my confidence."

"You may trust me," said Bob. The girl drew a sharp breath.

"My father lies hidden in the hut yonder. He is a fugitive from justice. He killed a man. I came with him."

Bob smothered an exclamation.

"What can I do to help you?" he asked quickly.

"Keep every one away and help me to get some supplies. Father is almost crazy with grief and remorse, and he is anxious to return and give himself up; but she ended fiercely. "I have told him he must not now! In the eyes of God he is innocent, and he should not be punished!"

"Thank you for the confidence you repose in me. I will do what I can to keep others away. Give me a lot of things you need, and I will pack them here tonight."

Fifteen minutes later Bob Deering mounted his patient horse and sped about his business for the Red Star ranch.

After supper that night he rode over to Red Spider postoffice and astonished Dan Cox by purchasing a large quantity of supplies, including some cigars and a number of magazines and newspapers.

Bob read the papers while he waited for his packages, and when he finally turned into the trail along the creek his face was a study of mingled pleasure and regret.

The trip along Zigzag trail in the moonlight, with his supplies for the needy strangers, was no easy matter, and Bob was quite breathless when he reached the sheep herder's hut.

"Good news, Miss Greyson," he said after he had received her thanks and those of her aged, careworn father.

"Good news for us?" she asked incredulously.

He nodded and, pulling a newspaper from his pocket, held it to the light streaming from the doorway and read a paragraph that turned the current of their lives.

It appeared that the man whom James Greyson had struck in self defense had recovered and every effort was being made to discover the whereabouts of the missing financier and his beautiful daughter.

Bob Deering shared in their rejoicing, and it was he who helped them get away.

When they parted James Greyson held the young man's hand in his.

"The best ranch in the country for you whenever you say the word, Deering. Maybe you'll be getting married some day and settle down."

"Maybe," said Bob dreamily, for he was holding Helen's hand in his. "Maybe."

His eyes met the splendid ones of the girl he had learned to love, and he read in them that there was no uncertainty before him.

He would be married some day, and to her!

And Hamp Tetlow never guessed why it was that Bob Deering nicknamed him "Cupid."

Oct. 29 in American History.

1781—The Continental congress voted thanks to the French army and navy commanders, Count de Rochambeau and Count de Grasse, for their assistance in reducing Yorktown. Two stand of British colors captured there were presented to Washington by congress.

1885—General George Brinton McClellan died; born 1826.

1911—Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the New York World, died; born 1847.